

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)  
Hear me! Boo-yaow!  
(Ready for whatever, hell yeah  
What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?  
Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]

There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame  
Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain  
Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder  
Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under  
Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy  
Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"  
Am I sick, or am I just another victim?  
Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em  
Niggas die from automatic gunfire  
Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die  
When they bury me, they bury me a G  
Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me  
Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught  
Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court  
God damn, and one day we'll all be together  
Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey  
It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours  
And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet  
Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga  
We gonna make this motherfucker ours  
If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me  
So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]

Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?  
After all this shit I did with my Mac-11  
Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me  
That's the way that daddy raised me  
Oh God, help me I'm losing it  
So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!  
I need to change and look for a better way  
I got a hundred round clip to my AK  
Committing sins I might die in vain  
So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame  
God didn't send me in the right direction  
I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection  
I know you're out there help a young brother  
Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers  
Things wouldn't be so bad  
If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there  
Big ballin'-ass Syke  
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas  
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G  
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'  
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]

Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home  
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone  
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell  
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell  
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me  
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game  
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye  
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five  
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga  
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger  
Now everybody's starin'  
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there  
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers  
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)  
Now tell me if you wanna live forever  
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever  
Let me go like this, ready for whatever  
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever  
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever  
Pain, he's ready for whatever  
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever  
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever  
Modu, he's ready for whatever  
Big Serg, we ready for whatever  
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever  
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever  
Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'  
Yeah, you know!  
This how the player's do it  
I know you standin' there confused  
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?  
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga  
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc  
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever

